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MARIA MONK

AND THE

NUNNERY OF THE HOTEL DIEU.

BEING AN

ACCOUNT OF A VISIT

TO THE

CONVENTS

OF

MONTREAL,

AND

REFUTATION OF THE "AWFUL DISCLOSURES."

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

NEW YORK :

HOWE & BATES.

1836.

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PREFACE.

It is possible that the strong and general—perhaps I might say universal—interest with which the revelations of the young woman who declares herself to be a nun of the convent of the Hotel Dieu at Montreal, have been and still are received by the people of the United States, may he thought to obviate the necessity of this prefatory notice; the object of it being simply to make known in part, the reasons which have led to the present publication. Nevertheless, a few words of explanation may not be thought superfluous.

The statement contained in the following pages was written for the New York Commercial Advertiser; and when it was commenced, the intention was merely to give a newspaper article of at most two or three columns. As the writer proceeded with the work, however, the importance of his undertaking became more and more obvious to the mind, and with it a feeling grew upon him that the subject admitted and required a more full and elaborate treatment than he had originally contemplated. This feeling, and perhaps the influence of a destiny which seems to have cast upon his shoulders the task of showing up impostures, by throwing in his way the requisite materials, in a number of instances, for that useful though generally ill-rewarded office, caused the two or three columns to extend to seven, and even with the enlargement,

much remained untold. Some inaccuracies too, were the unavoidable consequence of the haste with which the MSS. required by, and furnished to, the printers; the statement written in ten consecutive hours, and some important errors the necessary fruit of this celerity. The eagerness with w copies were demanded, and the general notice excited by publication, led to the belief that it was worth repeating with rections, and the addition of some facts that had a bearing t the merits of the controversy, and had come to the knowled the writer after the completion of the original MSS. In addi to all which, as will be seen in the sequel, the writer was a unexpectedly thrown into the company of a second imposte kindred character, who has either come to this city to try hand in the same business, on speculation, or has been brot hither by the associates of Maria Monk, to sustain her wrete inventions. I allude to Miss Frances Partridge, or St. Patrick she says she was called in a convent in which, although an inm of twenty years and upward, she was yet ignorant of the locat Of course, as the reader will see in the end, the tales of the cond impostor will fall to the ground with those of the fi Hence the issue of the pamphlet now before the reader. object, from the beginning, has been simply to ascertain and clare the truth; this I have done conscientiously and faithfull if good arise therefrom, to the power of truth must the merit awarded.

W. L. S.

THE HOTEL DIEU, &c.

In the course of a recent flying excursion through a portion of the province of Lower Canada bordering upon the St. Lawrence, it was both desirable and convenient to pass a few days in Montreal. The sojourn, in good weather, upon that rich and beautiful island of which the city bears the name, could scarce be otherwise than pleasant to the inquiring traveller, under any circumstances. Doubly so was it rendered to us by the kind attentions and hospitalities of intelligent friends, who spared no pains in contributing to our comfort, and ministering to our curiosity.

To an American who has not "been abroad," and whose eye is accustomed only to the light and airy towns and cities of our own country, the narrow streets, and dark, massive-built stone dwellings and store-houses, erected with an eye rather to use, convenience, and comfort, than to the gratification of taste, or any correct principles of architecture, the city itself presents few external attractions. But its location is very beautiful. The island, upon the southeastern side of which the city is built, is formed by the St. Lawrence on the south, and by a branch of the Ottawa on the north. It is thirty miles in length, by ten and a half in breadth—constituting a very large seignory, and belonging to the Roman Catholic Seminary.

With the exception of a single mountain rising near the centre, to the height of from five to six hundred feet, the island is perfectly level, and for the most part, in a high state of cultiva-

tion. The base and sides of the mountain are adorned l
orchards, gardens, villas, and substantial country seats
most opulent citizens, while it is crested with a noble ar
primitive forest trees. The orchards are numerous and thr
producing an abundance of apples of the finest varieties, s
of which were entirely new to me. All the usual garden
are produced in great abundance and perfection. In riding
the side of the mountain, and at the left, as we were cli
the road that passes over it, among other fine country e
my attention was directed to an ancient stone edifice, o
skirt of the ascent, surrounded by a wall, formerly distingu
by the appellation of the *Chateau des Seigneurs de Mo*
but now generally called *La Maison des Pretres*, or the P
Farm, as it belongs to the seminary, and is occupied as a su
retreat and place of recreation during the warm weather.
grounds are ample, comprising spacious gardens and orch
and all the members of the seminary, priests, tutors and p
resort thither once a week in summer.

From the summit of this mountain, the view is exceed
picturesque and beautiful. The island itself, and the e
shore of the St. Lawrence—pouring the mighty floods o
great lakes into the Northern Ocean—are thickly inhabite
the extent of many miles. The parish churches are numerou
every where surrounded by neat white cottages of the pea
clustering around them. The rapids of Lachine in a perp
foam above the sweet island of the Nuns on the South;
charming island of St. Helen's, with its fortifications in fr
the city, and the lofty mountains of Vermont and Chambly i
azure distance on the east and south east; with a level
sprinkled with villages, farms, orchards and gardens, all a
from the St. Lawrence to the Ottawa, spreading beneath the
of the beholder, combine to make up a landscape such as is r
excelled, either for luxuriance variety or beauty. But enou
perhaps already too much—of description. I will now pro
to graver matters.

Among the religious and other public institutions of Mon
demanding the attention of the inquisitive stranger, the mon

establishments of the Roman Catholics are not the least prominent. The history of *Monachism*, from the days of Paul the Egyptian, who leads the van in the army of the monastic saints as the first Christian hermit—to say nothing of the Essenes and Therapeutes, the recluses of Palestine and Egypt before the commencement of the Christian era—is rich in instruction and of absorbing interest. The first monastery was founded, according to the Romish legend—and the tale is a beautiful one—in the deserts of Upper Egypt, by the aforementioned Paul, in connection with St, Antony, in the year 303, or thereabout. The legend is this :—"Paul, at the age of fifteen, is said to have been versed in the learning both of Greece and his own country—Egypt—and deeply imbued with principles of the severest piety. He lived with a married sister, whose husband was a pagan, and who, in order to get possession of Paul's property, informed against him as a christian, during the terrible persecution of Decius. The youth discovered the treachery in time, and withdrew into the desert. His intention had only been to remain there till the danger had gone by; but the villainy of one with whom he was so nearly connected, had disgusted him with mankind, and as time passed on, instead of being wearied with solitude, he acquired a love for it. Thus wandering farther into the uninhabited country, he came to some ruined dwellings, which, according to the story, had been the mint of Egypt in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Near these ruins was a cave, the entrance to which was closed by a stone; removing this rude portal, he entered, and found within what his biographer, St. Jerome, calls a large vestibule, open to the sky; an old palm-tree was growing there, forming a canopy with its broad head; under the palm a clear fountain welled from the ground, and presently was absorbed again. Believing that Providence had brought him to this place, he determined to remain; the dates supplied him with food, the fountain with drink, and from the fibres and net-work with which the branches of the Egyptian palm are interlaced, he made himself a close covering." The Egyptian solitary was afterward joined by St. Antony the Great, who had been told in a dream that there was a Monk in the deserts, more retired and holy than himself, and of whom he

immediately went in search. Having found the cave, after importunity he was admitted into his abode and fellowship. a time Antony was sent back for a vest which St. Athanasiu given him, and in which Paul desired to be buried. On hi turn to the cave he was apprised of the decease of his comp by seeing his soul ascend in glory: he found the dead herm his knees, his body erect, his hands and head and eyes upra in the attitude of prayer, &c. Antony subsequently collect number of hermits around him, who built their huts near other, and attended their devotions in common. Such wa origin of Christian Monasticism. Female monasteries, or vents of nuns, were instituted about a century afterward. have been at times eminently useful, and both at other t eminently corrupt. They have served as places of refuge persecution, of retirement and repose from the cares of the w of religious study and meditation, and as schools of learning, nevolence and virtue. They have also at times degene into dens of debauchery and crime. Still, when we con that it was to them, for many centuries, that the world wa debted for all it knew of letters and religion, and that they the abodes of such meek and holy spirits as Bede and Tho a-Kempis, it is not to be taken for granted by every oppo of the Roman See, that a monastery must necessarily be vestibule of hell, and every recluse worthy only of such an a

With such views and impressions, I was of course glad opportunity of looking at an establishment of this description my own eyes; and having from my youth heard much o Christian monasticism of Lower Canada, it may well be co tured that the excitement recently enkindled in the United S against the priests and nuns of Montreal, by the startling p cations of Maria Monk, in connexion with the writings of se Protestant controversialists of acknowledged talents and p had not abated the desire, which, under any circumstances, I sh have felt to visit their communities.—Of the verity or falsehoc the truly "Awful Disclosures" of Maria Monk, I had forme very definite opinion previous to entering the province. Ind I had not read the book in any other manner than by an o

sional and very cursory glance at a few of its pages. Still I had read much *from* and *of* it, and heard much more ; and I am constrained in candor to confess, that, although at times a partial believer, and at others a sceptic as to the truth of her fearful revelations of hypocrisy, lust, and blood, I was rather a believer than otherwise during the earlier part of my Canadian visit.

True the tale was most revolting, and it was not a little difficult to bring the mind to believe it possible, that even the most hardened of our species could be guilty, from year to year, of the frightful abominations charged by Miss Monk upon the priests and nuns of Montreal—much less that the professed ministers of the Christian religion,—of any faith,—however widely they might have strayed from the truth, or however deeply been plunged in error, or however much involved in the gross and mystical fanaticism of the " scarlet lady"—could have been guilty of the horrible successions of crimes imputed to them. Still more difficult was it to suppose it possible that woman, gentle woman—who had sought in solitude a protection against the corruptions and temptations of the world—assuming a name indicative of purity as well as its garb—could resign themselves by whole communities, as the ready and willing instruments of lust and murder. But on the other hand, my prejudices against the Catholic faith were strong. Its monstrous corruptions in the old world were notorious. The work of Maria Monk I knew to have been written by one of our most estimable citizens—a gentleman of character and approved christian piety—who had taken every pains, as he supposed, to record the exact truth. I knew from his own lips, that he was a religious believer of all that he had thus written. I knew that other intelligent and pious gentlemen, had, by repeated examinations, endeavored to detect the girl's imposture, if impostor she was, without success. I knew that these men, and multitudes of others, were firm believers in the truth of her revelations. I had heard that emissaries from the priests were prowling about New York, and that several attempts had been made to spirit the poor girl away, and bring her once more forcibly within their power at Montreal. I had heard of her repeated offers to go to Montreal and establish the truth of her disclosures by examinations—which

propositions had been refused. I had been taught to regard mysterious silence of the accused as ominous of evil, and had l assured by numerous publications, that circumstances nume and strong had transpired, going to show that extensive alterat within the nunnery, had been made, for the purpose of preven detection, should an examination ever take place. A variet incidents, moreover, had been communicated to me as facts, w on the way to Montreal, which had materially strengthened the pression upon my mind, arising from this formidable array of cumstances, until I had almost arrived at the belief, that, after there might be more of truth in the tale than I had been wi at first to admit.

I soon ascertained, however, that such was by no means opinion of the citizens of Montreal. I did not indeed expec find the people generally, or even the half of them, believei the entire revelations of the fair fugitive. But having been assu from time to time, by the publishing friends of the interes victim, that her work was causing some excitement in that cap and that the army of believers would be vastly greater but for terror in which the Protestants were held by the Romanists, the danger they would incur by the expression of any opi unfavorable to them, I did expect to meet now and then some one courageous believer, with a multitude of others stea timidly along, looking unutterable things, and shivering shuddering at every apparition of cowl and cassock as the expecting every moment to be seized and pulled to pieces hot pincers. But it was not so. Such a city of sceptics, ir that pertained to the disclosures of the wronged frail one, was n before seen. Nay, more, so perfectly absurd and ridiculous the people with one accord consider the whole affair, that t seemed to look upon the intelligent denizens of the United Sta as laboring under a widely extended monomania! There was one voice upon the subject—protestants and catholics—those every and all denominations, born and bred upon the spot—r of intelligence and unquestioned piety—those who had passed open gates of the Hotel Dieu, or looked from their casem over its frowning walls every day of their lives—were all stubb

unbelievers;—and I may add in this place, instead of elsewhere, that I was able to hear of two believers in the "Awful Disclosures" in Montreal, one of whom, as will be seen in the sequel, was evidently afraid to visit the nunnery, lest he should be forced by actual demonstration to change his opinion!

But the fact that the whole town and province disbelieved the narrative of Miss Monk, was no good reason why I should not take a survey of the establishment, in which the reported enormities were occurring---more especially as there were at least twice the number on the Yankee side of the line, (that is to be) who were most devout believers of the whole. And as for any supposed advantages derived by the former from their near location and acquaintanceship with the accused, did not the increase of numbers on the other side, bring the balance to a equipoise? Perhaps not: but I was determined in any event to visit the Catholic establishments generally, and look as closely into the fearful Hotel Dieu as the guardians of its portals would allow me to come.

The friends accompanying us were John Frothingham, Esq., President of the City Bank, of Montreal, and Duncan Fisher, Esq., to whose kind attentions we were greatly indebted. Our first visit was to the *Hospital General des Sœurs Grises*, a convent of the Grey Sisters—an institution founded in 1750, by Madame de Youville, as a refuge for the infirm poor, for invalids, and the destitute aged. It occupies a space of 678 feet along the little river St. Pierre, by nearly the same depth, containing a convent for the residence of the nuns, a depot, ample wards for both sexes, all the requisite offices for such an extensive establishment, and a detached building for persons labering under diseases of the mind. This convent is governed by a superior and thirty-four sisters. We passed through the wards, which were spacious, and well aired and kept. Both departments were filled with the lame, the halt and the blind, and every species of decrepitude, and among the subjects were many who were very old. One of these, with whom we conversed, had not only been many years an inmate, but was cheerful at the advanced age of one hundred and four years—having been born in the same year with Washington. The eyes of the old

centenarian brightened at the recollection, as though it was no honor even to have drawn his first breath in the same year such a man. It was a gratifying spectacle to observe the kin and attention received by these aged and infirm fellow-beings v misfortune had thrown upon the benevolence of this commu and however much we may deplore the errors of their reli faith, we could not but admire their zeal in alleviating the tresses of suffering humanity.

From these apartments we were next led into the room cupied as an orphan asylum, or foundling hospital—I am certain which; perhaps both. In the first division we found tw or thirty boys of ten years and under, and a like number of in the second. They were all cheerful, but much more viv was exhibited in the second; characteristic alike of females the French. In each of the apartments visited, articles of f needlework were produced, sales of which are made to visitei the benefit of the institution.

We entered the Grey Nunnery at 11 o'clock; just as the ters had gone to dinner. The nuns and the priests, at the s nary, dine at the same hour. They take a very light brea at half past 4, consisting of a piece of bread and cup of tea; at 11, and are summoned to the chapel for their mid-day c tion at 12. With the ringing of the bell, we, by request, conducted to the chapel; where the nuns, having entered were already upon their knees in a column of two deep ir centre aisle. They told their beads, and repeated their pra in chorus, and having concluded, rose at a signal from the sup in the gallery, wheeled round to the right and left, and retur scarce raising their eyes from the polished floor. They were nerally middle-aged or young women.

The habit of the grey sisters consists of a dress of drab bon zine, made in the fashion of our Quaker friends, only that sleeves are long and ample, *a la Bishop*, terminated with b cuffs of the same material. They wear a black Italian c cap, with a plain border of crape, lined with black silk. T cap, too, is after the Quaker fashion. While in the nunner observed that the skirt is always turned up, and fastened under

waist behind with a hook and eye. We saw them afterward going in procession to the cathedral, and then the skirts, I believe, were not thus turned up; but am not quite certain.

The chapel is a very neat apartment, well supplied with pictures, none of which are good, and for the most part they are very bad. The altar was richly gilded, and adorned with vases of various freshly gathered flowers. Among the relics displayed, was a fragment cut from the veil of the sacred statue of the Virgin, if I do not misrecollect; of very great antiquity. It is carefully framed within glass, together with the certificates of its authenticity. There are various other emblems used in the Catholic mode of worship, as well in the Chapel as in all the principal departments of the convent; among which crucifixes and pictures of the Virgin were the most frequent. In several of the rooms, moreover, of both nunneries, were waxen dolls, dressed out in tawdry finery of gold and silver lace, ribbons, spangles, flowers, &c., according to the different tastes of the nuns who had made them in honor of the infant Saviour. To devout Protestant eyes such representations cannot but be viewed with regret, as calculated to inspire most grovelling and unworthy ideas of the great object of adoration who was declared to be "the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person." I took a suitable opportunity to remonstrate with one of their higher ecclesiastics, against allowing such unworthy emblems of the second person in the Trinity; but he said if the nuns chose that method of honoring the Saviour, it was at least harmless. I thought differently.

From the Grey Nunnery we drove to the terrible theatre of the "Awful Disclosures"—the Hotel Dieu itself—the portals of which, from the publications of Maria Monk and her collaborateurs in this city, we might very well have expected to find guarded by "gorgons, hydras and chimeras dire." But it was not so. The broad and ample gate-way into the yard was wide open, as our kind companions assured us it always had been during the day-time, these thirty years—and how much longer they could not tell. A very civil-spoken man met us at the door and conducted us into the hospital. This now so celebrated institution fronts upon St.

Paul street, on the east, extending along that street 324 E
feet, by 468 feet in depth on St. Joseph street, from which
we entered. The whole buildings belonging to, and conn
with the establishment, include the hospital, the convent, or
ter, a chapel, kitchen, bake house, stables and a cemetery
large garden is likewise attached. It was founded in 166
he Dutchess of Bouillon—as a hospital for the reception o
sick and diseased poor of both sexes, and without regard to
gious creeds, and is conducted by a Superior and thirty-six
Its funds are chiefly derived from some landed estate belongi
it, but the income is scarcely sufficient, and contributions
other sources, together with the avails of their own industry,
to augment their means of supply.

Nothwithstanding the favorable appearance of all that we
and the universal scepticism before spoken of existing among
people, I cannot deny the fact, that the publications alread
ferred to, had in some degree prejudiced our minds against
inmates, and rendered us suspicious of almost every thing
were to see. On entering the first ward, Mr. F. enquired of
nurse in attendance for Miss Beckwith, one of the sisterhood
speaks English, and with whom he was acquainted. After a
moments she came and we were introduced to her. She rece
us with great kindness. Her whole appearance is extrer
agreeable. She conducted us to the chapel, through both w
of the hospital, and through the apothecary's apartment. E
variety of disease finds alleviation here—without any ques
being asked as to sect, or country. If laboring under a dis
which is not contagious the patient is received on application,
when restored, is dismissed without any compensation, or
questions being asked. The beds and rooms were in perfect
der, each bearing the name of a Catholic saint; a male, if in
men's apartment, and female in that of the women. The sick
quietly in their respective beds, neatly curtained; looking s
the hand of friendship and female sympathy had smoothed and
ranged them. All was still and serene.

Can these walls, thought I, witness so much self-denial and
tience, so much toil and watching, without expectation of fee

reward on earth, and yet be the abode of vice and profligacy which it is a shame even to name? Is it possible for beings depraved as these have been reported to be, to find that pleasure in doing good, which sustains them amidst all their privations? Is it probable—is it at all reconcilable—that persons living in habits of criminal sensuality, can be found so disciplined in spirit as to attend upon cases of disease most revolting, and for that class of society, too, which exhibits disease in its most revolting features, because its subjects are destitute of refined feelings, and that delicacy which conceals as much as possible what has a tendency to disgust or offend? And this course of conduct is not an occasional gush of feeling exhibited before the world for effect, but is undertaken as a permanent employment, from which sickness or death only can release them. As these thoughts passed through my mind, Mr. F. mentioned Miss Monk's book to Miss Beckwith, and asked her if she knew the lady who had written it. She replied that the reputed author never had been there as a nun, though it was possible that she might have been in the hospital, as the names of patients were never inquired. She said she had not read the book, though she had heard of many things contained in it. She said she had herself taken the veil ten years since, and during that time had never heard of Maria Monk. She then observed that within the last few months strangers visiting the hospital had often inquired if there was a nun with them named Jane Ray. She told them she never had heard of one by that name since she had been there, but the question being so often put, at length excited some curiosity, and induced her to ask the Superior, who told her she had never been there, and they then bethought themselves of making an inquiry of Mrs. M'Donel, who kept the Magdalen Asylum. Mrs. M'D. immediately replied that Jane Ray was then in her establishment, and that Maria Monk had formerly been an inmate there also.

It was then, for the first time, and from Mrs. M'Donel, if I understood Miss Beckwith correctly, that they received intelligence of the "Awful Disclosures." In continuation, she remarked, that she had never read the book herself; but from what she had heard of its contents, she should suppose that no one could write such

details, unless very depraved; and a pure-minded person not have imagined them. When it was told her that the boo believed by many in the states, she said "the Protestant the Catholics so much, that they are willing to believe every said against them." "But," she added, "how can they b such statements as these disclosures, when Mr. Perkins ha amined the cloister,—for he is a very decided Protestant, a no wise favorable to our religion." Still, on asking her could be permitted to extend our observations into other a ments, she said no. This nunnery was a cloister; and n priest nor layman, man or woman, was ever permitted to farther, unless by an express order from the Bishop. Th part was the New York story confirmed, that no examinati the nunnery itself—its heavy iron doors and dark passages rooms of prostitution and vaults of gloom—would be allowed.

In closing this account of our first visit, however, I mu permitted *en passant* to note the fine condition and beautiful of the apothecary's apartment. It is extensive and arrange a manner that would gladden the sight of the New York co of Pharmacy. The jars and gallipots are all of the ancient t lucent dark-blue and white china, of the same size and pat rendering the shelves perfectly uniform. Nothing could been more neatly and beautifully arranged than the various cles making up the assortment of medicinal preparations in department. The retorts, bottles, vials, and a hundred des tions of fancy glass, containing drops, extracts, essences, solut &c., &c., comprising an ample store for every bodily ache evil "which flesh is heir to," were disposed with the nicest and skill. Two of the nuns are in constant attendance on establishment, manufacturing and preparing medicine. They cup and bleed. The physician in attendance merely prescri and they execute his orders. Two of the nuns are also in stant attendance upon each ward of the hospital, night and d they take their turns, and in a community of only thirty-six, occasion does not seldom come round.

Thus ended our first visit to the Hotel Dieu—having s nothing of "masks, hatchets, racks, and vipers," nor experien

any thing to remind us of the *sanctum officium*, of Pope Innocent III., or of Torquemada. Still we had been permitted to proceed no further than the hospitals—all beyond was secret, silent and mysterious. We had heard no groans; but some of the believers in Maria Monk may suppose that half a dozen infants might have been very gently smothered, during our visit, and some pretty rebellious nun trodden to death between two feather-beds, for all that. Nevertheless, we took our departure, and proceeded next to the Cathedral standing a few rods farther to the north, on the left of St. Joseph street, fronting upon Notre Dame street, and directly upon a diagonal line from the Hotel Dieu to the Seminary of the Priests—the Cathedral well-nigh filling the intermediate block between them. The Cathedral is a new edifice, and is in some respects the most splendid temple in the *new* world, and as said a late foreign traveller, only surpassed by the *old* in interior grandeur. Its length is 225 feet, and its breadth 234. It was commenced in 1824, finished in 1829, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The height of its walls is 112 feet. The architecture is of the rich Gothic of the 13th century. It has six massive towers, between which is a promenade along the roof 25 feet wide, elevated 112 feet. There are seven altars, and the east window behind the grand altar is 70 feet high, by 33 feet broad. The other windows are 36 feet by 10. It is surrounded by a fine terrace, and the chime of bells, the clocks, altars, &c. are comparatively rich. But as a whole, the interior is not equal to the exterior, nor by any means equal, in point of taste, splendor of decoration, and beauty of its paintings to the Cathedral of Baltimore. This structure is larger, however, than that of Baltimore, being sufficiently capacious to accommodate 12,000 persons. My reasons for the particularity of this description in this place, will appear in the sequel. I attended high mass in this noble edifice on two Sabbath mornings, before the commencement of worship in the protestant churches. On both occasions the Cathedral was filled by as attentive and well-ordered a congregation as I have ever seen in New York. The organ is too small for the place; but aided by other instruments, and a full

choir around the great altar, the music was as deep, ric solemn as the big " base of the ocean."

The seminary of St. Sulpice, situated upon the corner of cois-Xavier and Notre Dame street, opening upon the latte directly west of the cathedral, was next visited. This general residence of the priests of Montreal—whose pract is, according to Maria Monk, to be continually visiting the Dieu, for purposes of seduction and murder, by the subterr passage, which, if it exists, must lead directly under the stupe pile of the cathedral, just described. This seminary extend feet upon Notre Dame street, and 449 on Francois-Xavier : It was founded in 1657, by the Abbe Quetus, who was sent (the seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris. The original object institution was the education of youth, through all departmen cluding the higher branches of philosophy and mathematic has an able superior, and professors of eminence in the dif sciences, who are said to pursue a judicious plan of gener struction. In order to extend its usefulness, a new colleg been erected by the seminary in the Recollet suburbs—a and handsome structure.

I was introduced, at the Seminary, to many of the clergy some of the dignitaries of the church—among whom wer lord bishop M'Donald of Upper Canada and the bishop of River, both being on a visit to the lower province. I wa introduced to Father Richards, who figures in the " Awful closures" as one of the most humane of the priests at the m of the nun St. Francis.—Father Richards is a short fat perso has a mild blue eye, and is exceedingly fair-spoken. He was a methodist minister in Virginia; but conceiving the proje converting the catholic clergy of Montreal to the true fait proceeded thither for that purpose. But in the end he wa badly off as the count O'Reilly, who went to take Algiers– giers took him! Bishop M'Donald is a Scotch gentleman o old school; affable, intelligent, and for a Catholic, not intole He allows his people to read the Bible, and gives away all he can obtain for that object. In passing down the St. Lawr with him to Quebec, I found him to be a most agreeable tra ing companion.

The subject of Maria Monk's "Awful Disclosures" having been introduced at the Seminary, those of the clergy who spoke English entered freely upon it, without hesitation, and with an air of conscious innocence. Having intimated that there was nothing of, in, or about, the Hotel Dieu, respecting which they desired concealment, the idea first seriously occurred to me of putting their sincerity, and that of the nuns, to the test, by applying for permission to visit the cloister, and make a thorough scrutiny. They repeated what had been said to us by the nuns, that no person could be permitted to enter the cloister without an order from the Bishop of Montreal, who was then absent from the city. But Bishop M'Donald and Father Richards entered at once into my views, and promised their good offices in obtaining the necessary order, as soon as the bishop should return. I assured them that my only desire was to arrive at the truth, and that if I entered upon the duty, I should not be satisfied without making thorough work of it. And thus I left them.

The more I reflected upon the subject, the more evident did it seem, that the cause of truth and justice required at my hands an investigation of this kind, placed there as I was, without any previous design of making such a visit, and wholly uncommitted, and unconnected with any of the parties to the controversy. If the priests and the nuns, were actually guilty of the fearful practices imputed to them, the truth should be known. If, on the contrary, the horrible stories respecting them were not true, the slander, whether originating in the malice of a wicked woman, or the distempered imagination of one who added insanity to her frailty, should be arrested. In any event, the Catholics were as much entitled to justice, as any other sect of Christians; and I could not but hope and believe, that in the event of being allowed to make a thorough investigation of the premises, I could not only arrive at a satisfactory conclusion myself, but should be able to aid in giving the public mind in my own country a proper direction. Should it in the end appear that Maria Monk had told the truth, no punishment ever invented by the *Holy Inquisition* would be too severe for such lustful, bloody, and hypocritical villany. But, on the other hand, should it be apparent that they

were the victims of calumny, it was high time that the cl
should be at an end; since I could perceive nothing mor
mendable in Protestant, than in Catholic persecution. Ente
ing and pondering these views, I sought and obtained an inte
with the Rev. Mr. PERKINS, of the American Presbyterian ch
the able, zealous and pious successor of the lamented CE
MAS in that city; and a son of the late Hon. Enoch Perki
Hartford.—Mr. P. warmly approved of my design. He
himself visited the cloister, as one of a committee, in July
was smarting under the cruel attacks of the friends of Maria
in this city. He was therefore exceedingly anxious that I s
have the testimony of my own senses, to the correctness o
conclusions at which he had arrived, or discover to him his
if he was wrong. He did not hesitate to express to me hi
fect conviction, however, that an examination would bring
the unshaken conclusion, that, however bad the Catholics
be in other respects, or in other countries, they are entirel
nocent in this matter. There was no mistake in his opinion
the subject. He had resided there several years; was wel
quainted with the general character of the priests and pe
as also by common fame with the character of Maria Monk;
he did not hesitate to pronounce her disclosures the most e
and atrocious collection of lies that could be conceived. Thus
lieving—nay, thus knowing—he had endeavored as strongly
could by letters to the writer of Maria's book, to prevent its
lication. He had admonished him of the falsity of her tales
implored him to desist.

Other gentlemen, of different churches, were also consulte
Their opinions were the same, both as it respected the charact
the disclosures, and the propriety of my proposed examina
The result was, that I resolved on making the attempt; an
turning to Montreal from Quebec on Saturday morning the
ultimo, I was informed that an order for the admission of
Frothingham, Mrs. Stone and myself into the cloister, had
issued by the bishop on the preceding day. A gentleman
Richmond, (Va.) Mr. Shepard, and his lady, having unders
our design, obtained an order through a friend, on that morn
to be permitted to accompany us in the visitation.

The editors of the *Montreal Gazette* and the *Ami du Peuple* in calling for the present narrative, have both taken occasion to introduce the name of the Rev. Mr. Clary, a congregational clergyman recently from this state, and now the pastor of a congregation in that city. Regretting as I do, that the name of that gentleman should have been thus brought before the public, the duty is nevertheless devolved upon me of making an explanation, in justice to both of us, and to all. On the morning of the day appointed for the exploration of the nunnery, Mr. Clary favored me with a call, and gave me the first information I had received, that his name had been associated with mine, in the order for opening the cloister of the Hotel Dieu for our inspection. It is not necessary, were it even proper, to give a detail of all the conversation that passed between us. An abstract will be all-sufficient for the purpose in hand. Mr. Clary informed me frankly, that his position was peculiar, and he seemed apprehensive that were he to accept the invitation, it might place him in an unpleasant situation. He said his name had already appeared in some of the New York publications in connection with the controversy on this subject—a letter of his having been published, in which he had declared that admittance into the cloister had been denied him; and he evidently apprehended that the present spontaneous offer had been made to entrap him. He said that that letter was strictly true, as he had once been promised admission into the Nunnery, but when he subsequently applied for permission to search the building in company with Maria Monk, he had been refused. He was particularly desirous to know whether it was my intention to make merely a cursory and superficial examination of the premises, or to make thorough work of it. In reply, I assured him repeatedly, that my determination was inflexible, to make as thorough an investigation as could be desired—that the priests had given me to understand that every facility for that end should be granted, and that I was resolved to scrutinize the whole structure, in all its ramifications, from garret to cellar—to lift every trap door—to inspect every secret vault—unbar every door—search every cellar—and thread every subterranean passage.—Mr. Clary did not admit that he was a *believer* in Miss

Monk's book, but he was evidently not a *disbeliever.* A the objections he started, was the probability that were v make the visit, we should be called upon to write upon the su To which I replied that I could perceive no objection to should the examination be full, and free, and fair, we say so. And, on the other hand, should we leave the in tion unsatisfied, there need be no hesitation in proclaiming fact likewise. But he intimated his apprehensions that we sl be deceived by the wiles of those with whom we were to ha do, and repeated his reluctance to place himself in a positio would compel him to write any thing upon the subject. We ed before he had determined what course to pursue, with a derstanding that I should call upon him in the course of the m ing, and apprise him of the hour of entering upon the inves tion. This engagement was fulfilled, but Mr. C. was undeter ed whether to go or not. Being very anxious that he should n one of the party, I urged him to accompany us—but was ob to leave him again in a state of uncertainty. At the hour app ted he called at my hotel, and stated that on the whole he tho it best to decline the invitation. I hinted to him the unples dilemma in which he might be involved by the refusal.—But t purpose. He retired, and I saw him no more.

The hour appointed for commencing our researches, was o'clock, and the residue of the morning was devoted to the st of the latest edition of the "Awful Disclosures," which is companied by the drawings of the premises as laid down in tablets of Maria Monk's memory, and for a copy of which I indebted to the politeness of Mr. Clary. A few passages special reference were marked in pencil, and the leaves tur down at others. But my determination was to make the exam tion book in hand, and refer to its pages as occasion might requ Such was the course pursued.

Punctual to the appointment, we arrived at five minutes a two, and were received in the 'apothecary' by the assist superior Miss Weeks' an American lady, and two other sist who had been designated to attend us. I inquired for M Beckwith, also from the United States, whose parents reside in

neighborhood of Batavia; she was immediately sent for, and soon made her appearance. Our meeting was like that of old friends. She is certainly one of the most prepossessing ladies with whom I have ever met. Her countenance is full of intelligence, and expressive of great tenderness and sympathy, and the tones of her voice harmonise with these qualities. I remarked to them that I presumed from what had been dropped at our former visit, they were fully apprised of the object of our call—being, if possible, to test the truth or falsehood of Maria Monk's publications in New York. I informed them that I should be satisfied with nothing short of a minute examination of any and every part of the institution. I said to them, frankly, that I had been admonished of their arts of deception, and had been told that they would mislead me at every turn, and throw dust in my eyes at their own pleasure; and that consequently I trusted they would be neither displeased nor surprised if the scrutiny I was about to institute should seem over-nice and particular. They replied that it was their desire to have the investigation satisfactory to me, and that the keys and their assistance were at my disposal. The Lady Superior, (sister Lapilleur Devoisy,) they informed me, was confined to her apartment by indisposition—otherwise it would have been her pleasure to receive us in person. She would, however, be happy to receive us in her own apartment.

We then commenced our travels and researches—being soon joined by several additional members of the sisterhood, who accompanied us through our examination. Others we met in their respective apartments, busied in their regular occupations. Having passed through the hospitals as before, we entered the cloister, and proceeded through the various apartments of the first story. Every door, of every room, closet and pantry, was readily opened at my request, and there was not an apartment, in either story, which I did not examine with the closest scrutiny, from floor to ceiling, to note whether there had or had not been any alterations—any removal of partitions, closing of doors, new painting, or suspicious whitewashing, or any such things—not forgetting one truth, inserted by the amanuensis of Maria, in the sequel of her latest edition, that "*whatever alterations may*

be attempted, there are changes which no mason or carp can make, and effectually conceal." But in this story had been no changes of any kind. The work and the fi were all, evidently, time worn and ancient.

There were, however, trap-doors in several of the apartme several more than are specified in the drawings of Maria M Every one of these trap-doors I opened myself, and into one of the vaults I descended, sometimes alone, but mor quently accompanied by Messrs. Frothingham and She These vaults were usually store-rooms for the accommodati the particular apartments immediately above. Every wal carefully examined, both as to its appearance, the texture c mortar, &c. &c. After these examinations were ended, th ters took us into the yards, and conducted us into the cellar vaulted rooms. The same scrutiny was every where made the texture of the mortar tried by an iron-pointed cane. E door and passage way was opened and examined, with the results.

We now re-entered the convent, and ascended to the story, examining every apartment with the most deliberate eagle-eyed attention. We visited the cells of the nuns, and amined their furniture. The unsophisticated reader may per think these "cells" are very dark and gloomy places, with s floors, and locks and bars, and grates. No such thing. T are neat little apartments, containing a single bed with g curtains and counterpanes, two old-fashioned high-backed ch a little desk, with a small case for books, and within which is a crucifix. The books, so far as we looked at them were suc good protestants might become still better by reading. Ha ascended to the attic, we had now examined every part ex one of the long attic rooms, into which I looked carefully thr a glass window at the head of the stairway—Miss Weeks ha forgotten to bring the key to the door. The room was use drying clothes, for which purpose, as it was well lighted, I the necessary fixtures, and I did not think it necessary to sen lady down all the stairs for the key.

Soon after we commenced our investigations, we were presented to the lady superior, at the door of her apartment, into which we were admitted. She was suffering from an attack of rheumatism. She is a lady of dignity and refinement of manner; somewhat advanced in years. She received us with the utmost urbanity, nay, with cordiality; and regretted not being able to accompany us through the institution. Indeed the nuns have all the ease, simplicity, dignity, and grace which distinguish the high bred and truly genteel. I have rarely seen so many ladies together, possessing, in so great a degree, the charm of manner. They were all affability and kindness. Cheerfulness was universal, and very unlike the notions commonly entertained of the gloom of the cloister. Their faces were too often wreathed in smiles to allow us to suppose they were soon to assist in smothering their own children, or that those sweet spirits were soon to be trodden out of their bodies by the rough-shod priests of the seminary. The costume of the black nuns is different from what I had supposed. The dress is of black bombazine, with ample skirt, and bishop sleeves; the neck dress consists of a large square white linen collar, reaching up to the chin; to this is attached a strap passing across the top of the head, to which the bandeau is fastened. This is a white linen band bound round the forehead, and reaching down to the eye-brows, so as to conceal the hair entirely.—To this the black veil is attached, which is made of a large double square of black Italian crape, and reaches from the top of the bandeau half way down the skirt behind. The face is not at all covered by the veil, nor the front of the person. The skirts are turned up like those of the grey nuns. The *tout ensemble* is dignified, becoming, and rather graceful.

In the recreation room we were introduced to the novices, some four or five. The conversation was gay and cheerful, and so pleasant was their laughter at some of our remarks, that I asked them in badinage, what right they had to laugh—that in such a place their business must be to look grave and gloomy, and never smile! The greater number of the nuns are advanced in life, and some of them are very aged. In the infirmary of the cloister we were introduced to quite an aged member of the community.

Although an invalid for many years, she was cheerful and a able; receiving u" with marks of kind consideration. Ind have never witnessed in any community or family more unaffe cheerfulness and good humor, nor more satisfactory eviden entire confidence, esteem and harmony among each other.

Among the instances of innocent sportiveness which occu proving that the merry mischief of woman does not always l her on taking the veil, was the following: I had been dilig looking for the "purgatory," as laid down in Maria's book. sisters told me I must find it. At length we came to a small a ment, less ancient than the other wood-work, built out fron wall, in one corner of a large room in the apartment in w the hired women, seamstresses, spinners, &c., were at w The door was locked and there was no window, except a sq hole cut through the partition deals, high up from the floor. "A I exclaimed; "Miss Weeks what have you here?" "Nothin said she with an arch smile;—"nothing—but—a poor nun d penance!" "That spinning wheel," I remarked, "would be ance enough for many young ladies in our country. But give m keys" "No," she said; "you must look for yourself." Taki chair, I thereupon climbed up to the dark hole, and thrusting my through, discovered that the mysterious cell was a store roon loaf-sugar hanging round the walls, and a few barrels of c family supplies. And this was all the "purgatory" discov by us.

And here, perhaps, I may as well remark as elsewhere, th the course of our inspection I took frequent occasion to ref the drawings and the pages of the "awful disclosures," and I constrained to say, that I was utterly unable, throughout, to dis any mark, or sign, or trace of resemblance to any thing she laid down or described, other than the external localities, wl nobody could well mistake. But so far as it regards the wl interior, neither I nor my companions could discover, from drawings, the least evidence that the author had ever been wi the walls of the cloister. By way of excusing the inaccuracie or rather the total and all but universal dissimilarity of the ma the friends of Maria first assert that great changes have been m

in the building; and if that is not sufficient, they imploringly exclaim—"Oh what can a poor girl do? We do not pretend to perfect accuracy —but she has given drawings from recollection, the best that were in her power." To the first excuse it may be replied, without fear of contradiction from any one but Maria herself, that there have been no changes. To the second it may be well said that the girl must be an incorrigible blockhead not to be able to remember somewhat of the interior of a house in which she pretends to have been so long a resident, and in some apartments of which she maintains that such terrible scenes have been enacted. But she does not; and it is a little remarkable that the only internal resemblance to the diagrams she has given, are said to be found in the recent Catholic Magdalen asylum of Mrs. McDonell, which was dissolved about a week before our visit and in which the celebrated Jane Ray remained until it was closed.

Having descended again to the apothecary, Miss Weeks informed us that the task was over. I told her that there was another cellar under the wing in which we then were, which I had not explored. She remarked that as that did not properly belong to the convent, my permission did not extend to it. For a moment my suspicions were awakened. I replied that I must explore that cellar, and the trap-door which I had just discovered near where we were, or my work was not done. Miss Beckwith was thereupon despatched to the Superior for permission, which was immediately and readily granted. The task of exploration was forthwith undertaken and executed. It was most thoroughly done, and we were now about to take leave, when I discovered another cellar door, leading from the outside directly into that part of the building from beneath which, according to the plan of the book, the secret subterranean passages lead to the seminary one way, and the Congregational (School) Nunnery the other. I asked if I might examine that cellar? Certainly, they said; but as it is merely the kitchen cellar, we did not suppose you cared about looking into it. An Irish laborer near by was then directed to go into the kitchen for the keys, and Mr. Frothingham and myself were inducted by Pat into the receptacle of potatoes

and turnips—for such it proved to be. But here, true en we discovered what Maria calls "a great, gloomy iron d To be sure, it was in quite a different place from that desig by her. But it was locked, and would not yield to my att upon it. Perhaps, thought I, we shall find the range of prison here—poor nuns with gags, and a charnel house of skeleton told Pat he must open that door. Well, he said, he must upon the other side—and away he went. In a moment the massive iron turned upon its ponderous hinges, and lo were—let into the daylight on the other side, in a store which we had examined before. There was also a kitchen in this cellar—small, and furnished with an old iron pump other rather dilapidated fixtures. Not supposing that the would throw their murdered sisters and children into the s from which they draw their water for their tea and cooki did not descend. The walls, however, as before, were thoroughly examined, into every nook and corner—and I compelled now to conclude my subterranean researches, wi being able to stroll *under* the deep foundations of the cathe and startle the priests of the seminary by coming up through of their own trap-doors!

I have already remarked, that the cellars in general were for store-rooms. In one of them into which I descended thr a trap-door, I found a number of large stone jugs. Recolle that Maria had spoken of some vessels, which from her des tion, must have been carboys of sulphuric acid, used, as she mates, with lime, to destroy the remains of the murdered victi examined these jugs. From the odor of the corks, and the s of the jugs themselves, I presumed their contents had been sy essences, and medicinal decoctions for the sick and the apo cary. The only lime that I discovered, was in a hot-bed gardener had been making, for radishes, I believe.

Thus ended this examination, in which we were most acti engaged for about three hours. The result is the most thor conviction that Maria Monk is an arrant impostor—that she never a nun, and was never within the walls of the cloister of Hotel Dieu—and consequently that her disclosures are wholly

unequivocally, from beginning to end, untrue—either the vagaries of a distempered brain, or a series of calumnies unequalled in the depravity of their invention, and unsurpassed in their enormity. There are those, I am well aware, who will not adopt this conclusion, though one should arise from the dead and attest it—even though "Noah, Daniel, and Job" were to speak from the slumber of ages and confirm it.

These will ask why, if the "disclosures" were not true, the nunnery was not at once thrown open to the public—why its doors were so long closed, and why did silence as to those charges so long reign within its walls? There are several reasons: In the first place, the tales were so improbable of themselves, and the character of Maria Monk herself so utterly worthless and detestable, that it was not deemed necessary to pay the least regard to them.—They did not suppose in Montreal, either within or without the convent, that there could be found in the United States, or elsewhere, persons so weak and so credulous as to lend the least credence to them. But the best answer is found in the sensible remarks of the nuns themselves. "You see," said Miss Weeks, "how impossible it would be for us to conduct this establishment, if visiters were usually admitted into the cloister for no other object than the gratification of their own idle curiosity—more especially such crowds of visitors as we should have had after the publication of the work." Proceeding with her conversation, she added—"We are constantly employed, and each has her portion of occupation. If our labors are interrupted, our sick must suffer, and the whole business of the establishment come to an end." And besides all this—a man's house is his castle, and what man or woman among us—or which of our hospitals, or public institutions, would consent to suspend their labors, and relinquish all their comforts, to gratify successive swarms of Canadians or others, whose curiosity might be stimulated by the scandalous tales of one of Mr. M'Dowell's pupils?

In answer to my objection, that the drawnings furnished by Maria Monk do not, so far as I or any one else has yet been able to discover, correspond with the internal fixtures and localities, it has been said, and will be said again, and again, that great altera-

tions have been made in the nunnery—that masons and carpe and painters, have been at work these nine months; and that newly escaped nun—(Frances Partridge) declares that so many a ations have been made during that period, that she should scar recognize the flaws herself. To this I answer, most emphatic IT IS NOT TRUE. There have been no such alterations, eith the building within, or the vaults beneath, or the walls witl All things remain as they were. Let it here be borne in r "*that whatever alterations may be attempted, there are cha which no mason or carpenter can make and effectually conce* Impressed with this truth; and it is almost the only one I l been able to discover in the book, I went prepared upon point. I thought it not unlikely that I might be mystified paint and whitewash. But it was not so. There is not an ward wall, nor a cellar, nor a vault, that has been whitewas The mason-work is all, every where, of stone-work, ancient massive. The mortar, moreover, has become every where so durated in the lapse of time, as to be impenetrable as the ston serves to cement together. No builder could break up an stone wall, or partition, and remove it, or stop up a vault, build up a gate-way, without leaving indubitable evidence of the r work, and the alterations. Could any builder in New York bu up the doors and windows of the Bridewell, without the use paint or whitewash, so as to prevent detection, or so as to mi the new work in all respects correspond with the old? T thing is impossible.

Again; Maria Monk has laid down the track by which she s she escaped, and has given a narrative of the way she proceed to get out, which, in the first place, the walls she must h climbed, prove to have been impossible, and to which the inter regulations of the house, as I believe, give a positive contradicti By the course she has marked out on the map, she must ha come first to within a few feet of the broad gate, always open the day time, leading into St. Joseph street. In the yard whe she then was, there are various doors opening into several pa of the buildings. Well—having been near the broad gate, s says she wheeled round to the right, almost crossed her track

turning a wing, and finally escaped through the garden grounds into Jean Baptiste street. Now this whole tale is not only improbable, but absolutely impossible. There is no passage that way. She must have leaped a succession of walls; the outer wall some twenty feet high; walls which no unaided mortal, man or woman, could have surmounted.

When reminded of these facts by Messrs. Jones and Le Clerc, gentlemen from Montreal who had an interview with Maria at Messrs. Van Nostrand & Dwight's book store, in August, she resorted to the usual subterfuge, that there were a door and a gate there then; but intimating that they had been altered! Again I say *it is not true!* The walls have stood a century; there was no gate, and no passage-way has been filled up. As well might Alderman Woodruff send a bevy of masons to build up the portals of the City Hall, and the people of New York not know it, as that such works could have been executed in Montreal, and the people of Montreal kept in ignorance of the fact. But whence this great difficulty of escaping? There are plenty of doors and gates, and every nun has a key at her side. Their restraint is voluntary, and they can break their vow and retire if they please. Or, if their health will not bear the confinement, they can leave after the white veil, and before taking the black. Such instances are not rare. The whole tale is one of falsehood.

Again, as to the secret passage under ground to the Seminary. Whence its necessity, since the gate is always open, and the hospitals with communicating doors to the cloisters always accessible? If such passage had ever existed, it must necessarily have led under the present foundation of the stupendous cathedral before described. The foundations of this structure were laid broad and deep.—They dug until they came to water, and had such a pathway existed, it would have been discovered then. Mr. Frothingham, and hundreds of others, passed the spot daily, and viewed the progress of the workmen continually. Yet no such passage was ever seen or heard of. And there has been no filling up. There was indeed an old passage way to the river—perhaps from the old French church in Notre Dame-street, now pulled down, constructed according to tradition, for use in time of war—per-

haps for the procurement of water—but that has long years been filled up. It was probably some reminiscence of this ol fair, that gave the hint for the story of the passage to the semi But no such passage exists.

Again, as to the births and murders of children: In the place, the whole tale is improbable, both as to the murd nuns and infants. Do murderers cluster in numbers to perpe their butcheries, and thus purposely furnish the means of co tion?—Would they be so foolish, and so mad, as to keep a wr record of their murders? And would so many mothers co to strangle their own offspring? Can a woman forget her s ling child? It is not so! The voice of indignant nature rise to proclaim the falsehood! And moreover, as to the numb novices and infants: Miss Monk states, that on a certain occa she discovered a book in the Superior's custody, containing th cord of the admissions of novices, and births of infants who murdered. And twenty-five of these pages were written containing about fifteen entries on a page. "Several of t pages," she says, were occupied with the records of the birt the murdered infants. And all the records were either of ad sions or births. Now, we will allow twenty pages for the rec of admissions of novices, and five for the births of the murd children. Fifteen entries on a page, twenty pages, will us the number of THREE HUNDRED admissions in two years.— there are but thirty-six nuns in all, and seldom more than or five novices, or postulants.—Again, as to the infants—il allow five pages to have been devoted to these records of bi we have SEVENTY-FIVE births during the same period!! Now, have already said, there are but thirty-six nuns: more half are "past age." Certainly not more than fifteen of t could "in the natural course of human events," become moth Taking Maria's statements, therefore as correct data, and eac these fifteen nuns—striking the average—must give birth to and a half children every year!! A most prolific race, tru What nonsense, and how great the popular credulity to swallo

But I weary in the exposure of impossibilities.—Nor is it cessary to proceed farther with them. I might indeed write a

lume as large as her own, in the exposure of the multitudinous inconsistencies, and contradictions of the "awful disclosures." But "the game would not be worth the candle." And besides, with the ample refutation I have given the great and essential features of her work, the minor and less important fabrications fall to the ground of course. I will therefore now close this protracted narrative, by expressing my deliberate and solemn opinion, founded not only upon my own careful examination, but upon the firmest convictions of nearly the entire population of Montreal—embracing the great body of the most intelligent evangelical Christians, THAT MARIA MONK IS AN ARRANT IMPOSTOR, AND HER BOOK IN ALL ITS ESSENTIAL FEATURES A TISSUE OF CALUMNIES. However guilty the Catholics may be in other respects, or in other countries, as a man of honor and professor of the Protestant faith, I MOST SOLEMNLY BELIEVE THAT THE PRIESTS AND NUNS ARE INNOCENT IN THIS MATTER.

NEW-YORK, October 8, 1836.

INTERVIEW

WITH MARIA MONK AND FRANCES PARTRIDGE.

After the copy of the foregoing narrative was placed in the hands of the printer, at the urgent solicitation of some of the friends of Maria Monk, I have had an interview with her, together with the newly escaped nun, as she calls herself, Frances Partridge, who has arrived in season to confirm all Maria's statements, and add divers other tales of terror of her own. The result is, that, so far from giving me reason to alter a single line that I have written, I would add to the force of my contradictions of the calumnies contained in the "Awful Disclosures," if language would allow of it; for if I before had entertained the least lingering

fragment of a suspicion, that I could in any respect have beei ceived, the interview would have done all away. The frien Maria have looked upon the arrival and confirmatory state of Miss Partridge as a god-send: but if they are ever brou their right minds upon this subject, they will lament in bitte of heart, that they ever had any thing to do with either. In that the public may be enabled to judge as to the credibili those wretched women, from their own testimony, I proce give a succinct account of the interview referred to. We by my own appointment, (after repeated invitations,) at the h of the Rev. Doct. Brownlee, at half past 4 o'clock P. M. of F last. The two pretended fugitives were attended by the Messrs. Brownlee, Bourne, and Slocum, and by three lay-ge men, who feel a deep interest in this controversy, and of w one was the writer of Maria Monk's "Awful Disclosures." T was also another lady present.—The pretended nuns seated side by side, in close proximity, able and willing, a event proved, to aid and assist each other by suggestions if ne sary. After an introduction and a pause of a moment, the con sation was commenced, I believe, by the Rev. Mr. Slocum, guardian of Miss Monk, and with whom Miss Partridge is now residing. Mr. S. began by a series of preliminary quest to the following effect.

"You have recently been in Montreal, I am told?"

"Yes."

"How were you pleased?"

"Very well."

"Did you see the Rev. Mr. Clary?"

"Yes."

"I am surprised that he has not written to me: I have l expecting letters from him for some time. Did you see muc him?"

"I saw him three times."

"Did you visit any nunneries?"

"I did."

"Which of them?"

"Two; the Grey Nuns, and the Hotel Dieu."

"Which is the largest of the two?"

"The convent of the Grey Sisters occupies the most ground, I believe."

"Are you not mistaken? The Black Nunnery is very large."

"True: but I believe the grounds of the other are of the greatest extent."

"Well: where did you go next?"

"To the Hotel Dieu."

"Which way did you enter it?"

"Through the broad gate, in St. Joseph street."

By Miss Monk. "You found yourself among a number of outbuildings there?"

"Yes: Several."

Thus far I had submitted to the questioning, because the preliminaries were not material. Another question was now put to me, I think by Mr. Slocum, the effect of which would have been to make me open the doors of the convent to them. This was not the plan I had adjusted in my own mind, to bring the veracity of the pretended nuns to the test. My reply to the question was as follows:—

"Gentlemen, I did not come here to be catechised. I have answered thus far cheerfully. But I am neither a party in this matter, nor a witness. I came hither on invitation, to meet these ladies, and hear what they and you have to say. My only object is to arrive at the truth as to the matter in hand."

To which there was a general reply from the gentlemen, that that was also their only object.

After a pause, and a few indifferent remarks as to the embarrassment of the position in which we were all placed, Maria Monk spoke up quite pertly:—

"I should think that such an old man as you, Mr. Stone, would not be afraid to speak to such girls as we [or before us upon this subject, I am not certain as to the words.]

"Not so very old, Miss Monk: how could you say so? I have not a grey hair yet!"

Miss Monk: But can't you tell us how you found the nunnery? We should like to know something about it, as you have been there so long since we have.

"So I suppose. But I don't choose to be questioned abo now."

Another brief pause then ensued. The truth was, I had reso in my own mind, if called to examine the pretended nuns, to them upon two or three definite points, so simple that they c not be misunderstood, and of such a nature as would most li test the question at once, whether or not they were acqua with the institution. It would indeed have been a pretty affai me to have given a lecture upon the internal structure and p of the institution, from which these women—impostors doubted not they were—might derive facts and hints for proving their plausibility, and thus serve to aid them in kee up the deception. It was a trap in which I was not to be ca

However, after looking at each other a few seconds, and th terchange around the circle of a few words of no importan finding that the interview was likely to result in nothing, I them, if it was their desire, I would break the silence by aski few questions; to which all assented. The following is the s of the examination that ensued, and nearly in the very words.

Question by Mr. Stone. Miss Partridge, you are lately from Hotel Dieu?

Miss Partridge. I am.

Qu. Well, Miss Partridge, about these alterations that l been going on in the nunnery; I am told that you say they l been so extensive, and the place is so much changed, that you w hardly know it yourself?

Ans. Yes, it is so.

Qu. Very well: Be so good as to tell me which of the w in the cellar has been built during this season?

Ans. A wall across the East side of the cellar.

Qu. The East side? You are quite sure, Miss Partridge

Ans. Yes.

Qu. What kind of a wall is it?

Ans. It was a wall——

Qu. Of stone, I suppose?

Ans. Yes.

Very well; all the walls are of stone, of course.

Qu. Now as to the plastering of the ceiling—Do you know any thing of that?

Ans. The ceiling was all newly plastered, and partly down on the wall, where it broke off. You could see a blue or green streak where the new plaster was joined on.

By Dr. Brownlee. Was it light in the cellar so that you could see?

Ans. Yes: perfectly light.

By Mr. Stone. The cellars are all very well lighted, Doctor.

Qu. Miss Partridge, you are quite certain of all this?

Ans. Yes.

Gentlemen, it is important to pay attention to these points.

Question by Miss Partridge. Did you go up all the stairs?

Ans. I believe I did.

Qu. by Miss P. Did you go up the long stairway leading from Notre Dame Street?

Ans. The stair way, did you say, leading from Notre Dame street! Are you quite sure?

At this instant Maria Monk jogged her, and interposed—"The congregational nunnery, you mean!"*

Mr. Stone. I am talking to Miss Partridge, Miss Monk. You are certain, Miss Partridge, that it is the long stair-way leading from the Hotel Dieu into Notre Dame street?

* The convent of La Congregation de Notre Dame, is in Notre Dame street, and forms a range of buildings 234 feet in front, and 433 in depth, along St. Jean Baptiste street; besides the principal edifice, it contains numerous detached buildings, and a large garden. The Hotel Dieu stands on the South or South East corner of a large block, formed by St. Paul street on the East, St. Jean Baptiste street on the North, Notre Dame Street on the West, and St. Joseph street on the South. The Congregational nunnery stands on the North, or north west corner of the block fronting on Notre Dame street. Thus the two nunneries are on the opposite sides of the block, and at diagonally opposite corners—one fronting to the East, and the other to the West. The Congregational nunnery is composed of sixty Sisters, and the object of the institution is female instruction in its different branches. The business of the Sisters is giving instruction; and they often send missionaries into different parts of the District to take charge of parish schools. It has formerly been the unwise practice of many protestants in the United States, to send their daughters to this nunnery for their education.

Ans. Yes—that is the one. [or words equivalent.]

Gentlemen, these inquiries are important, and must be k mind.

Question by Mr. Stone.—Well, Miss Partridge, we will to the cellars again: Pray tell me which of the cellars und hospital has been the latest whitewashed, during the p season?

Ans. Why—they have all been whitewashed this summe

Qu. What—all the vaults and cellars? Are you quite Miss Partridge?

Ans. Yes: all of them have been thoroughly whitewashed

Qu. Are you not mistaken about *all* being whitewashed?

Ans. No: I know it, for I helped to whitewash them m Why, (turning to Miss Monk) Maria, you have helped me to w wash them, hav'nt you?

To which I understood Maria to assent.

This examination of the latest pattern c an escaped nun sufficient. I told her that that was enough, and turning t friends I remarked—Gentlemen, that woman has not been i Hotel Dieu at all. She is an impostor. She is imposing f hoods upon you. I assure you, upon my honor, and from own personal knowledge and observation, that all she has to here is false. There has been no new wall built where she scribes, or in any other place. I have examined every in ground. There have been none of the alterations of which speaks—not the removal of a wall, a partition, or a board. does not know, gentlemen, even where the Convent is situ for she has located it on the wrong street, and on the wrong of a very large block. Three times has she said there is a l stairway, and a passage from the Convent directly into N Dame street,—whereas the Convent is far away from that st without any opening or communication thither. But, more all, gentlemen, on the subject of the whitewashing. All that has said is false. Not a single cellar, or vault, of that Conv has *ever* been whitewashed! The walls are as dark and bar lime as when they were first built, a century ago. This fa know, from having just examined every one of them with

closest scrutiny. And yet she says she helped to whitewash them, and Maria, too, says she has formerly helped her! It is all false, gentlemen.

Question by Dr. Brownlee.—But, Miss Partridge, how many stories are there, underground?

Ans. Only two, underground. Oh, I believe the lower one underground has not been whitewashed.

By Mr. Stone.—That does not help the matter at all, Doctor. In the first place there is no such thing as two stories underground. And in the second, the first and only story underground has never been whitewashed at all. It is all false.

Having thus spoken, Miss Partridge drew back with affected dignity, intimating that she would say no more to me, if I presumed to deny her having been in the Nunnery. I thereupon turned to Miss Monk.

Qu. Well, Miss Monk, how happened it that when you escaped from the Nunnery, after coming round the wing into the yard, and within a very few feet of the wide gate into St. Joseph street, you turned so short about, almost crossing your track, and finally went out across the grounds, and into Jean Baptiste street?

By Mr. Slocum.—We have never supposed that the drawing was laid down exactly right; the poor girl was so frightened that it is no wonder if she did not know exactly how she did get out.

Qu. You are quite sure, Miss Monk, that you passed out across the [garden] grounds, into Jean Baptiste street?

Ans. Yes.

Qu. But, Miss Monk, there are several high walls in the way—all solid stone walls—and the outer wall is some twenty feet high. —Pray how did you get over these obstacles?

Ans. I went out through the gatès.

Mr. Stone.—But there are no gates—the walls are solid, massive stone.

Miss Monk.—It was so then: I don't know what alterations have been made since.

I now turned, and remarked to the company—"Gentlemen, this is utterly untrue. There is no passage in that direction. There are no gates. The wall is as solid as when built a century ago."

Some general remarks were made by the circle, abo
possibility of the alterations having been made, and yet the
tator, or the public, being kept in ignorance of them. I repl
these objections much in the manner of my remarks upo
point, in the preceding narrative of my visit to the Convent.
Dwight," I remarked, "Do you suppose it would be possib
a builder to send his workmen to the Park and build up th
tals of the City Hall, with solid mason work, without the
men being seen, or the alteration attracting the public notice?
do you suppose that by the day after such an alteration had
made, the people would forget that there had ever been a
portal there? The thing is impossible: and equally impo
would it be for the priests and nuns to make the alteratio
which you contend, without the knowledge of the people of
treal, who are passing and repassing the Convent every hou
moment of the day.

I now resumed the examination of Maria Monk.

Qu. Miss Monk, in your book you speak of finding a c
book in the Superior's room, containing a record for two
of the entrance of novices into the Convent, and the bir
children, all of which were murdered?

Ans. Yes.

Qu. How many pages did that book contain?

Ans. I do not remember.

Qu. Can you not recollect how many pages are stated in
book?

Ans. No—I told Mr. Dwight as near as I could recollect
he put it down.

Mr. Stone.—Very well: I will help you. Your book
there were about one hundred pages. Now, Miss Monk,
many pages did you say were written over?

Ans. I don't recollect. I told Mr. Dwight as near as I c

By Miss Partridge, and Miss Monk—We could never
time to count the pages of such a book—We should not da
look at such a book more than two minutes, and how coul
count the pages?

Mr. Stone. Very well: I will help you again. You sa

your book, that one quarter of the book was written through—making twenty-five pages. Now, Miss Monk, can you tell how many entries there were on each page?

Ans. I do not recollect.

Mr. Stone.—Then I will assist you again. You say there were about fifteen entries on a page. Now, Miss Monk, can you inform me how many of these twenty-five pages were devoted to recording the entries of novices, and how many to the births of infants, all of which were murdered?

Ans. No. I don't remember the exact number. I told Mr. Dwight as near as I could.

Mr. Stone.—Very well: your book says "Several of these pages" were devoted to recording the births of infants. Now, how many do you mean by "several?"

Ans. Why, that's a strange question. Of course more than one.

Mr. Stone.—But that will not answer. If what you say is true, those were deeply important records—nothing less than the births and murder of children.—We must endeavor to arrive at some degree of precision. About how many do you mean by several? Surely you can form some opinion.

Miss Monk hesitated; and several of the gentlemen intimated that I was pursuing an unfair method of examination; to which I replied, "Not at all, gentlemen: this is an important point. It must be pushed home to get at the truth."

Mr. Dwight.—You might as well ask her how large is a piece of chalk.

Mr. Stone.—That will do very well for a get-off, Mr: Dwight. But I must have an answer of some sort. Now, Mr. Dwight, what do you understand by several, in the sense you have used it in writing the book? Suppose a book of one hundred pages—twenty-five of which were written over, and "several" of which were devoted to a particular subject. In such a case you would suppose that "several" would imply as many as five or six, would you not?

Mr. Dwight.—I should think that about right.

Mr. Stone.—Very well—we will take five. (To which Miss

Monk assented.) We have now five pages of the records of l of infants, which have been born and murdered within two —fifteen on a page. Now, gentlemen, I remarked, there ar thirty-six nuns in the convent ——

Miss Monk turned round, smiling at my assertion, and there were many more.

No, gentlemen, (I continued) there are but thirty-six nun some four or five novices.*

Dr. Brownlee.—We say there are more. How can you that there are but thirty-six?

Mr. Stone.—Nay, Sir, the proof does not rest upon me. sert the fact.

Several Gentlemen.—You must prove there are no more.

Dr. Brownlee.—Miss Partridge, you were in the Nu when Mr. Perkins, with the committee, made their examin were you not?

Miss Partridge.—I was.

Dr. Brownlee.—How many Nuns were in the Conven day? How many were sent off before the committee came?

Miss Partridge.—I don't know how many were sent There were only nineteen in the nunnery that day. A good were sent off.

Mr. Stone.—Gentlemen, this is all nonsense. That w has never been in the Nunnery at all, and there were none s on the occasion referred to—it's all folly to suppose any thing.

Several.—But the proof rests with you.

Mr. Stone.—No, gentlemen: not at all. I assert the fact there are, and have been but thirty-six nuns in the Hotel That was the original number of the foundation—it has al been the number, and no more. For the truth of this asserti can appeal to the history of the institution—to the whole p of Montreal—to my own observation. I then added—

"Gentlemen, there are but thirty-six Nuns in that Conv

* There are, in fact, but thirty-four nuns at present in the Convent— six being the full number.

more—considerably more—than one half of those Nuns are too far advanced in life to become the mothers of young children. And yet we have, by Miss Monk's statement, five pages of records, fifteen births and murders to the page, and all within the period of two years, and not more than twelve or fifteen nuns who would probably bear children." Then turning to Maria, I asked—

"Pray, Miss Monk, will you be so good as to inform me how many children a-piece those Nuns have every year?"

There was no direct answer.

I next adverted to her plan and drawings of the interior of the Nunnery, and asked how it happened that every thing was so unlike, that we found it impossible to trace any resemblance? Reference, in reply, was again made to the alleged alterations. These I of course denied, from my positive knowledge that none such had been made.

Mr. Slocum. We never supposed they were put down exactly correct. They were according to the best of her recollection. We never supposed they were correct as to feet and inches.

Mr Stone.—I care nothing about feet and inches. I merely ask for some remote similitude—some distant resemblance—which there is not. And I asked them—Gentlemen, do you believe it possible that any woman of common intelligence, could have resided in any building, no matter what, for a series of years, without being able, on leaving it, to retain some distinct impression concerning the location and general appearance of some one apartment?

Miss Monk. But I am willing to go to Montreal. All I want is to go, and prove what I say on the spot.

Mr. Stone.—Still you appear to be dreadfully afraid that the priests will kill you.

Mr. Slocum. It is not so. She is not afraid, and is anxious to go.

Mr. Stone.—Very well. It may be so. I have only her own word for it. It is so stated by herself half a dozen times in the pamphlet giving an account of your interview with the Canadian Gentlemen at Mr. Dwight's book-store.

To my own personal knowledge it was objected that the time occupied by me in the exploration was altogether inadequate to a thorough examination. I replied that they were mistaken; and

assured Doct. Brownlee and Mr. Dwight that if they would o go to Montreal, and visit the Hotel Dieu, they would see in twe minutes time how utterly mistaken they were in all this mat They would see the utter impossibility of the ridiculous baseless tales of these women. But Dr. Brownlee said he wo not venture to place himself there, nor would he think of mak an examination unless he went with masons and carpenters &c. &

But I had yet one point more in reserve, and proceeded—

Qu. Miss Monk, about those said trap-doors—how many there?

By Several.—What do you call trap-doors?

Mr. Stone. I mean the old-fashioned trap-doors—such as w formerly common in farm-houses—raised up from the floor opening, and leading to the cellars: How many were there, M Monk?

Ans. One.

Qu. Only one?

Ans. I never saw but one.

Qu. Where was that?

Ans. In the cellar, leading to the secret passage of the priest

Gentlemen, (I remarked,) it is very clear that this woman never been in the cloister of the Hotel Dieu. There are quite number of trap-doors, opening from the principal apartments i the vaults and store-rooms below. These could not have be unseen and unknown by a resident. I have opened them all a examined the vaults below. I certainly opened from four six, and there can be no mistake. As to the one trap-door which she speaks, I know there is none there—and never was. mean where she has laid down the secret passage—which also d not exist. These, gentlemen, are facts upon which it is not possi that I should be mistaken.

I had now proceeded far enough, and attained my object. T proof was as clear as though written with a sun-beam, that t women were both impostors, and had never been inmates of t cloister. I rose, and in taking my departure, once more earnes appealed to the gentlemen present, to discard them at once. told them it was high time that they should cease listening to t falsehoods—as falsehoods their stories were, from beginning

end,—and it was high time, moreover, that this community should be disabused of their impostures. They urged me to remain longer—saying that they were not half through with their proofs. I replied that no farther proofs were necessary. I had proved them to be impostors from their own lips; and with such abandoned women I could have nothing more to do. Nor would I remain longer with them. Perceiving, moreover, as I thought, that the gentlemen were so blinded by their prejudices, as to be inclined to believe them rather than me, I was the more determined to depart. Dr. Brownlee attended me to the door, and urged me to return. I still declined—and remarked to the good Doctor, at the door, that it was high time that men of sense should give up this business,—that within my own knowledge, those women were imposing on them a pack of lies,—whereat the Dr. waxed rather warm; and said—

Dr. Brownlee.—I have as much right to call you a liar, as you have them.

Mr. Stone.—Very well, if you choose to do so.

Dr. Brownlee.—In the same sense in which you say they lie, I may say you lie. You say they have not been in the Nunnery. I have a right to say you have not been there.

Mr. Stone.—But I have been there, and from my own knowledge I know that they are telling you falsehoods.

Dr. Brownlee.—Your story is all a humbug; and if you go to publishing any thing, recollect that we have got a press too!

Mr. Stone.—I shall take my own course, Doctor, [or words equivalent.]

Dr. Brownlee.—In the same sense in which you say they lie, I [may] say you have not been there, and that you lie, [or are a liar.]

Mr. Stone.—Good afternoon, Dr. Brownlee!

Such is a faithful account of my first and only interview with the pretended Nuns, and their special friends. I have endeavored to write it out with all fairness and impartiality—preserving all that was essential to the case, and, as far as possible, in the words that were used. The sense, certainly, has been faithfully preserved—for my memory is rarely at fault, when I have the business of reporting in hand.

The reader will probably agree with me, that it was time close the interview; and it would, I fear, have been termina with less of courtesy on my part, had it not been for the cloth, a for the personal regard which I have ever entertained for the verend gentleman. I well understood that in his honest z against the Papal cause, he had become more excited than was aware of, and I took my departure, only pained that men sense should show such a spirit, and allow themselves to be m such egregious dupes of, by two of the most shallow impostors I had ever seen. One of the apostles speaks of certain men latter days, who among other things, were to "make captive s women." The case is here reversed—"Silly women," "making captive" men of sense. How melancholy, methou while wending my steps homeward, to see grave theologians, intelligent laymen thus pinning themselves to the aprons of s women!

Maria Monk has now been sufficiently long in New York, enable all who may have desired the honor, to form an estim of her character from a personal interview. I am informed t she has for most of the time been easy of access, and has not b backward in exhibiting herself in our churches, and at other pul places, nor in visiting among those of our citizens who h opened their doors for her reception. She has been frequen seen in the stores and offices of her several publishers, and es cially in the houses of that small portion of our clergy who h taken a benevolent interest in her welfare, regarding her, as t probably have done, as a penitent and reformed profligate—a l and desolate female, who needed sympathy and counsel. H character in Montreal is notorious. She was a vicious profligi "on the town," and was taken into a Magdalen asylum, in 18 with the hope of reformation. It was a Catholic establishment the rites, ceremonies, discipline adopted by Mrs. M'Donell, w those of conventual life, and it is from these that she has borrow what her book contains upon that subject, and by an inaccura representation has attempted to palm off upon the world a carric ture of the same, as the observances of a convent of which it as clear as any established truth whatever, that she was never a inmate. Several of the persons whom she has represented

sister nuns, were merely sister Magdalens, of whom the celebrated Jane Ray was one. Persisting in her sinful and impure propensities, she was dismissed from the asylum in a state of pregnancy, and thence, connected, probably, in some way with Mr. Hoyte, a Protestant Jesuit, in no good odour among the truly religious people of Montreal, she found her way into this city. She is not very old, and is pert, brazen and rather pretty.

Since her residence in this city, there have been many attempts to reawaken interest in her behalf, by marvellous tales of attempts to spirit her away, and several times, for longer or shorter periods, she has been found among the missing. At one time, it was said she had been abducted and was kept in mysterious durance at Brooklyn. At another time, as I have been informed, she was concealed by the Rev. Mr. Bourne, in Springfield, (N. J.)—probably at her own request, to escape the importunities and annoyance of Mr. Hoyte, whose presence and interference in her affairs had then become offensive to her. But albeit Mr. Bourne took her to Newark in one conveyance, and to Springfield in another, with all possible secresy, the jealous eyes of Mr. Hoyte were too sharp for him, and he dogged them all the way. And when the latter fouud that he could not gain access to her, because of the discreet protection of the lady whose house had become her place of retreat,—ascertaining, moreover, that his numerous letters, conveyed to her by artifices resembling a lover's ingenuity, and betraying all the ardor of another youthful Romeo, remained unanswered—he contrived by the aid of some ladies in his own interest to decoy her again into his power—thus defeating the vigilance of the faithful matron to whose care she had been confided, as well as the plans of her friend Mr. Bourne.

There have also been some "quarrels," not only of "authors," but of printers and publishers, and book sellers, &c. in regard to the copyright of her "Awful Disclosures," a relation of which might contribute more to the amusement than the edification of the reader. I therefore pass them over, for the benefit of some future D'Israeli, who may desire to write the history thereof for the benefit of posterity. Some of the suits, moreover, are still pending; and respect for the constituted authorities forbids the

discussion of such delicate matters *sub judice*. Of her book, however, many thousand copies have been sold, from which the booksellers have made a good deal of money, while as yet poor Maria has probably made very little. Indeed she is a fitful credulous creature—a child of freak and impulse—who has probably been as much of a dupe herself, as the public have been dupes of her. Moreover her sanity is seriously questioned by many, and some respectable physicians who have met with her, have declared that upon their professional oaths, they would pronounce her to be *non compos mentis*. There is said at times to be a wildness in her eyes—an unsteadiness and spasmodic starting of her nerves, an incoherent raving, and an absence of mind, which lead her frequently to fly off in a tangent from one subject to another;—and dwelling upon some circumstance connected with real or imaginary wrongs, and an imaginary conspiracy against her life, of the Popish priests, she is sometimes suspicious of the motives and designs of every one she meets. These, and other peculiarities have induced, in some scientific men, the opinion that she is of unsound mind. If such be the fact, she is doubly an object of compassion. Certainly she is a subject of great mental imbecility; and it is not impossible that her criminal courses have been more her misfortune, than her fault—and that the guilt of her sins will lie at the door of others whom God will judge.

Having fallen into the hands of Mr. Hoyte, after her dismissal from the asylum of Mrs. M'Donell, that gentleman, knowing the blind zeal and credulity of the anti-Papists, *par excellence*, hit upon the expedient, as it is believed, of eliciting the public sympathies in her favor, and bringing out a book, from which great profits were to be realised. When her case became known in New York, certain Protestant clergymen, morbidly credulous in relation to every thing concerning Popery, convents, priests and nuns, became greatly interested in her story—the fancy-work, probably, of more imaginations than her own. Her tales were all endorsed by Hoyte, and the houses, hearts, and purses of all were opened to the supposed nun and her guardian. It was soon discovered, however, that Hoyte had "seven principles" upon the subject, viz: "the five loaves and two fishes;" and his judicious advisers

caused his dismission from her affairs, and as her protector. The Rev. Mr. Slocum became her guardian, and a very estimable and conscientious literary gentleman, Mr. Dwight, was employed to write her narrative from her own verbal recitals.

In due time the volume was ushered forth to the public, and then came the scramble already referred to, among ministers and writers and printers, for the division of the spoils—each party claiming to favor the interest of Maria, while she, poor creature, knew not whom among the whole she ought to trust. Her ancient predelictions for Hoyte, had induced her to give him a legal claim to the copyright, and yet her distrust having been awakened, she gave similar powers of attorney, to one or more of the other parties—revoking the former; and when the stereotype plates were prepared, it was found that more than one or two claimants were awaiting their delivery, all having written orders under the sign manual of Maria Monk. Again, when the book was published, there were injunctions granted and rescinded, and divers other tribulations, giving a brisk business to the profession, from the Chancellor himself to the Attorney, until there was danger that the whole of the profits would be swallowed up by litigation. To end the difficulties, it was agreed, as I have been informed, that Maria should receive eight cents per copy from the sales. These sales have been great, notwithstanding the manifold internal evidences of the imposture contained in the work itself. The reason is found in the mystery which hangs about a Convent, and in the fact that it is a tale of lust and blood —essential ingredients in but too many of the anti-popery publications of the day. So much for Maria Monk. And now—

Who is this Frances Partridge, the newly arrived nun, who has recently arrived among us not only to confirm the "Awful Disclosures" of Maria Monk, but freighted with disclosures more awful still? The following is an extract from an account of her, published in this city by her friends, and contained in a ridiculous appeal which these enthusiasts are making to the venerable Chief Justice Sewell of Lower Canada, founded upon the stories of Maria, and this her new ally:—

"On the sixteenth of August, 1835, verbal intelligence was

'received in New York, that a nun from the Hotel Dieu Con
'of Montreal, had taken refuge in a Protestant's house, in
'interior of the state of New York, and on the 22d day of
'month, a letter arrived from a gentleman, confirming that st
'ment. Measures were immediately taken to ascertain all
'circumstances which are connected with that unexpected
'surprising event; and on the 26th of August, that nun arr
'in the city of New York. I have thus been minutely expl
'that if any person can invalidate my exposition of the occurre
'they may have every facility to detect its incoherence.

"The nun's conventual name was *Sainte* Frances Pati
'Some months ago, five nuns in connection with two of the pri
'all of whom had become in a measure disgusted with the hy
'critical mummery and the inordinate dissoluteness of t
'habitual course, agreed to escape from their horrible bond
'By some means, which it is unnecessary to detail, their plot
'discovered; and the vengeance of that prelatical inquisit
'*Monsiegneur Jean Jacques Lartigue, Eveque de Telmess*
'*Lycie*," *&c. &c.*, was effused upon those rebels to Papal aut
'ity. One of the priests has been murdered; two of the nuns
'have been despatched into the eternal world—and Fra
'Patrick herself was immured in one of the "dungeons of despa
'attached to that melancholy habitation, where "owls dwell,
'satyrs dance,"—Isaiah xiii, 21. There she was immured
'weeks and three days, and was finally released through the
'tercession of some of her *canonical* relatives; upon the imp
'engagement, to exert all her ingenuity and to devote all her
'ergies to the destruction of Maria Monk, and her "Awful
'closures."

"For this purpose Frances Patrick, or Partridge's, depar
'from the Convent was tacitly permitted; that she might aic
'the Jesuits designed, in trepanning Maria Monk into their po

"She departed from the Convent on July 20; and it was
'stantly suspected by the priests, that as the result of her ema
'pation from their thraldom, she would add her testimony to tha
'Maria Monk, and thus seal the deathless infamy of the Cana
'nunneries. Having made all needful arrangements to escape

'the United States, she left Montreal on July 21; but she had 'travelled a few miles only, ere her flight was discovered, and two 'Roman priests, Joseph Marcoux and Louis Dibla followed in 'pursuit, and traced her from one place to another, until she was 'upon the very point of being recaptured, at Turin, N. Y.

"It is proper also to state to you, that Frances Patrick, or 'Partridge, has been an inmate of the Convent during twenty-three 'years; that she is now about 27 years of age; and that nearly ten 'years ago, she assumed the veil. These circumstances are thus 'minutely detailed, that the utmost exactitude may be attained, and 'that her personal identity may be defined so as to preclude all 'mistake." G. B.

"G. B," written out in full, undoubtedly means the Rev. George Bourne. And a most probable tale, truly, has he made of it!! Two of the priests agreed with five nuns, to escape from their horrible bondage. Pray who had imprisoned the priests? Surely they must have imprisoned themselves, and had plotted a plot to escape from themselves! But the plot was not well plotted—they were found out; and one of the priests and two of the nuns, have been already murdered! Surely both priests and nuns must be very fond of being butchered, else they would hardly remain where they are killing each other off at that rate! St. Frances was next taken from the dungeon where she had been placed as a punishment for attempting to run away, and employed as the hopeful agent of the priests to inveigle Maria Monk back into the Convent! Most wise and sagacious priests, to employ such an agent, upon such an enterprise! But after the bird had flown, they bethought themselves that instead of *protesting* the paper of Maria, she would *endorse* it—and instead of bringing her back, would stay away herself!! And so they repented of what they had done, and went in pursuit! Most wise disciples of the Society of Jesus! Most sagacious descendants of Ignatius Loyola!! If wisdom don't expire with those sapient priests, she will yet live a long time!—Only think of these poor priests locking themselves up in grated dungeons, which nobody but Maria Monk, and Frances Partridge ever saw, and crying like Sterne's Starling—"*Let me out!*" Well: being pursued, and nearly taken, the flying saint finds herself in the town of Turin, deep in the woods about half way be-

tween Utica and Sackett's Harbor,—and about as convenien place to stop at on the way from Montreal to New York, as I Greenland would be in going from New York to Charleston!

But even this is not all. St. Frances Partridge don't know actly whose daughter she is, but she thinks her paternity belo to a gentleman in Vermont,—who, forgetting to marry mother, sent her to the Hotel Dieu, at a particular season, wh she, the said saint, first opened her eyes upon that interest community! After having been a nun twenty-three years, she caped as aforesaid, on the 21st July last past. She made the first l at Turin—from thence she says she went to Rome, and was th engaged in teaching a school, and was nevertheless in New Y within about four weeks of her pretended flight! It seems certain deed that she has been in Rome during the late summer, for she contrive to open a correspondence with one of wisdom's own s who is pressing into his goblet the grapes of wisdom that clus around the tongue of Doctor Beriah Green, of the Oneida In tute. The ingenuous youth addresses her with deep and aw reverence, as a superior being to himself, and counts upon l well-stored armory, I believe, for weapons to use in an effort intends making to overturn the papal throne, and hush forever t thunders of the Vatican!

Nor yet is this all the personal history of Miss Saint Franc Partridge. She declares that she was deputed among the Siste of the Hotel Dieu, to accompany the committee, of which the Re Mr. Perkins was one, in the examination made by them of t cloister on the 15th of July—six days before she eloped,—and s relates with great glee, many amusing instances of the manner which that committee was duped and laughed at by the nur Among other things she declares, that in one of the rooms whi this committee examined in her presence, there was a closet whi the assistant superior invited the committee to examine, but whi they politely declined doing as unnecessary. In that closet, a that precise moment, as she affirms from her personal knowledg lay the bodies of two dead infants—the victims of clerical adulter and maternal infanticide! Now according to this modern Saint, this committee had only accepted the invitation of the acting Su perior to open that closet, they would have discovered this *twi*

evidence, though not living witnesses, of the truth of the "Awful Disclosures," with which Maria Monk has edified the world, and which that committee have pronounced to be false! She also states, that while dissembling with the priests for the purpose of making her escape, she was employed by them to write a volume in reply to that of Maria Monk, which work she executed; and that after she had restored Maria to their power, she herself was to have been sent to Spain. And yet, such is the invincible blindness of the partisans of Maria Monk, that they swallow these most wretched and preposterous inventions as sober matters of verity!

In regard to the story of the dead infants in the closet, while the committee was there,—although it may be true that priests and Nuns live in the indulgence of illicit amours—(though we saw nothing in either of the Nunneries to lead us to question their moral purity)—although, I repeat, it may be true that children have been born and murdered in nunneries—yet, never since the world began, was a more absurd and incredible story fabricated than this, that a committee who were searching the establishment for the express purpose of finding the evidences of lust and murder, should be introduced by the nuns into the very room, and pointed to the closet, containing the double proof of their damning guilt, and requested to examine it, cannot be believed by any effort of faith of which a sober mind is capable. To credit it implies that the inmates were not only daily repeating their deeds of infamy and blood, but that these murdered children were left there at the hazard of detection and exposure, under circumstances indicative of downright insanity. Yet, astonishing as it may seem, there are Christian men and ministers in the city of New York, who greedily swallow the whole, and regard this "awful disclosure" of the *latter* Nun, as "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ" of the former.

It would seem, indeed, as though these people had yielded themselves to this species of monomania, until from mere habit, they yield a willing credence to any story against the Roman Catholics, no matter what, or by whomsoever related, so that it be sufficiently horrible and revolting in its details of licentiousness and blood. It is melancholy to be obliged to contemplate such credulity, and such deplorable fanaticism; and yet the instances are multiplied

wherein such delusion has been wrought by the passionate ap
of the anti-papist presses. Nor is it to be denied, that such
lications as are now deluging the country, fomenting the po
prejudices and appealing to the basest passions of our nat
teeming, as they do, with loathsome and disgusting details of c
nal voluptuousness, under the garb of RELIGION, are omino
fearful results, especially from their influence upon the risin
neration of both sexes. No patriot, philanthropist, or Chri
if not already inoculated with the virus of fanaticism and int
ance, can reflect upon this subject, under its present aspect,
out painful forebodings of the future.

But I am not even yet ready to conclude this appendix t
narrative of my visit to the Convent of the Hotel Dieu. In c
quence of the occasional dash of pleasantry with which the n
tony of the visit was relieved, and which was preserved in w
out the account of the visit, remarks have been made which
already reached my ears, insinuating that I am disposed to com
the monastic system. It has been kindly hinted that I have be
" semi-papist," and that in putting down the wretched impo
of Maria Monk, in disproving her " disclosures," I have writ
panegyric upon the life of the nuns, as led in the cloister o
Hotel Dieu, the tendency of which will be to attract novices v
its gloomy walls. Others have intimated that now that the p
ures of a monastic life have been attested by a protestant
witness, there is danger that our wives and daughters will
from their husbands and parents to enjoy the domestic swe
the nunnery!

The infatuation of the public mind upon this subject, an
necessity of remonstrance and expostulation, can scarce be
dered more apparent, than by this simple relation of the fac
I have been thus misrepresented even in circles of intelligen
testants. In self-vindication, I have only to say to those no
bewildered, that, in my view, a sense of justice and commo
nesty, requires the truth to be spoken alike of popery and m
ries, though we may have no fellowship with the one, or desi
approving the other. Far be it from me to contribute in th
motest degree to the vindication of the system of popery, in
of its forms, from the charges justly made against it by Luthe

the Reformers; nor has my visit to Montreal in any measure weakened my protestant faith, or diminished my hostility to the manifold corruptions of the Church of Rome. On the contrary, stronger than ever, if possible, is my belief, that the celibacy of the priesthood, and of the female recluses, is contrary to the laws of nature and of God; and I can but attribute the vows and privations voluntarily assumed by the Nuns, as the effects of misanthropy or delusion, to which Christianity is unalterably and irreconcilably opposed.

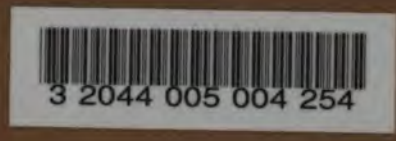
Still, however, I have been asked, "*Cui bono?* Why should *you* defend the Romanists? Even if the "Awful Disclosures" of Maria Monk are untrue in relation to the Hotel Dieu at Montreal, is there not ample evidence that such practices have prevailed in other nunneries, and other countries? And is it not the legitimate fruit of the system of monachism, that corruption and crime may easily exist under the concealment of the cloister?" To which I reply with the christian sentiment uttered by a heathen—*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*" There is, moreover, an essential difference between taking sides with satan, and defending even him from false accusation. The question I have been examining, is not whether Popery be true, or the priests of Rome holy, or the nuns virtuous, but simply and only this: Whether the loathsome revelations of Maria Monk, and Frances Partridge, are true or false, in regard to the priests and nuns of Montreal? The importance of a correct decision of this question, grows out of the extensive credit which her book has obtained, and the interest which every man, whether Protestant or Catholic, has in the suppression of vice, the prevention of crime, and the maintenance of truth. The fact already confessed, that I was, myself, at times, almost if not quite a believer in her book, in common with multitudes of others, of perhaps less credulity, led to the desire of an opportunity of examining for myself; and as circumstances favored the gratification of this desire, I entered upon an inspection of the premises, with a determination of making a rigid and impartial scrutiny. The result is before the reader; and having ascertained from the evidence of their own declarations, and my own senses, that neither Maria Monk nor Frances Partridge has been an inmate of the Convent from which they pretend to have escaped, I cannot,

and will not, withhold the public expression of my deliberate viction, that the book of Miss Monk is a vile and infamous f cation; that she and the pretended St. Frances are both a impostors; both of which if not protected by the convenient of insanity, deserve to be punished by the laws of the land.

I cannot but lament, in common with all Protestants, the cr and corruptions of the Church of Rome; especially do I de the increase of the professors of that creed, in our own cou But still I cannot as a professing Protestant, withhold the evid in my possession to protect them from calumny and falseh At the same time, I am free to confess that I have yet anothe ject in view, viz: the emancipation of my own countrymen fro bondage of prejudice, superinduced by the most flagrant impos This task I have attempted to perform, honestly, and accor to the best of my ability, without fear, favor, or affection. I doing, I have believed myself to be likewise performi duty to Protestant Christianity in the light of truth; since I lieve the most sovereign antidote to the march of popery will be found in that divine attribute; and if the Papal power can be overthrown by fraud, falsehood and imposture, I say, for let it stand.

And now, having thus acquitted myself in this matter, I l little anxiety how many or how few among my fellow citiz choose to believe what I have written. I shall not be surpri or personally afflicted, if the whole tribe of the believers in M Monk, should believe in her still; since, in this free country, ev man has a right to the enjoyment of his own opinion. Still, the sake of the public morals and the public tranquility, I c heartily wish that no more of this description of anti-popery lit ture should be thrown from the American press. The evils flicted upon our whole population, by such publications, are properly appeciated, or they would long since have received stern rebuke of our moralists. They are extensive and to a gree irreparable. Among the most prominent of these evils is increase of Popery itself—the certain result of intolerance persecution—more especially when such persecution is founded falsehood and imposture.

New York, Wednesday, October 12. 1836.



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